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New Mexico's Writers' Project

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Juanita S. Dilley
Pocahontas County
Chapter 6 Religion
February 7, 1941

Lorenzo Waugh

Lorenzo Waugh, the circuit rider who preached ~~his~~ ^{day} across the continent, was born in Pocahontas county on the Greenbrier River a few miles below Clover Lick. He is a relative of the Rev. John Waugh spoken of so often in the early church history of this county.

The friendship between the Waugh family and that of Jacob Warwick had its effects on Lorenzo Waugh for he was taught to read and write by Elizabeth Warwick - daughter of Jacob Warwick.

At one time, when he was a young man, he was at a house raising in the vicinity of Clover Lick. A man by the name of Friel was boasting of his fleetness of foot. Jacob Warwick called young Waugh to one side and promised him a colt if he would beat Friel in a foot race. From this filly came practically all of his mounts during more than the half century of riding.

The turning point in his life was seeing a statement in a newspaper that a man in a distant place was willing to assist some boy in getting an education to prepare himself for the ministry. He answered the letter and was told that the place had been given to another, but the germ had been sown, and he left home and went to Harrison county and proceeded to carry out his plan on his own resources. He had not been there long until the teacher was discharged for drunkenness and Lorenzo Waugh was given his place. From that time on he was engaged in the professional duties as a teacher, preacher, missionary and author. He was only sixteen years of age when he began his career as a teacher in Harrison county. He was a

teacher in Mason county in 1831, entered the Methodist ministry in that year, and was junior preacher on the Guyandotte circuit. In 1833 he rode the Nicholas county circuit, and was transferred to the Ohio conference in 1834. In 1835 he became a member of the Missouri Conference. In 1837 he was a missionary to the Shawnee nation. In 1840 he rode the Platte River circuit, now in Nebraska, and in 1848 he entered the Illinois Conference. In 1851 with his family he crossed the plains in an ox wagon and settled in the Petaluma Valley in California, where he resided until his death in 1899 at the age of 91 years.

He had a remarkable career. Starting on his ministerial career in Virginia (now W. Va.) he literally preached himself across the continent to the shores of the Pacific. He was a circuit rider from a way back. He wrote a book of his life which was so full of moral precepts and instructions that it became a church publication and went into many editions. From this work it is possible to form a correct estimate of his character and to realize that his life was valuable to his country. The circuit rider of a few years ago was inseparably connected with his horse.

He was a vivid preacher of the Gospel, a steadfast adherent to the Methodist church, a man of clean life, one of the originators of the temperance movement, an enemy to tobacco in any form, a hunter of big game, and a dead shot with the rifle. At the time he began his work, the Methodist church of America was nothing like the tremendous organization that it is today, and it is apparent that during his ministry, the faith he labored for grew from a comparatively small denomination to

the most numerous and the most powerful Protestant church in America. Such being the case, it is safe to say that when the life and times of Lorenzo Waugh becomes crystallized by history his long and widespread ministerial work will class him as one of the fathers of the church in this continent.

Richmond until 1848 when her family returned to Winchester and continued to live there until the outbreak of the Civil War. She was an ardent Confederate patriot and so incurred the displeasure of General Milroy that in 1863 she was sent through the lines to Richmond, where she worked as a government clerk until the end of the War.

Returning to Winchester, she opened a Seminary for Young Ladies, which was successful, but after a few years she left the venture and became an instructor at Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton. But she soon left that post as well and thereafter devoted her life to literature, living in Washington, New York and other cities. She died in 1889 in Richmond and was buried in Winchester.

Among her published works were: *The Holcombes: A Story of Virginia Home Life*, *Women: or Chronicles of the Late War, Under the Pruning Knife*, and two textbooks which were widely used in public schools: *The History of Virginia* and *Stories From Virginia History*.

MARSHALL, Catherine Wood (1914) Author of *A Man Called Peter* and ten other "inspirational" books, Catherine Marshall lived in Keyser from 1924 to 1942, where her father, the Rev. John A. Wood, was minister of the First Presbyterian Church. Born in Johnson City, Tenn., she was six weeks old when her parents moved to Florida, and ten years old when they came to West Virginia, the state she considers "my home." In 1932 she graduated at the head of her class from Keyser High School, and passed up scholarship at West Virginia University because she wanted to go to Agnes Scott Presbyterian College in Atlanta, Ga. and become a writer.

It was while she was in college that she met Peter Marshall, the minister of the Atlanta Presbyterian church she attended, and who later gained fame as the Congressional Chaplain. Her father performed their marriage ceremony, in Keyser, in 1936, and in 1937, Marshall began preaching at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C. It wasn't until after his death, in 1949, that Catherine Marshall began writing. Three of her books were bestsellers, *A Man Called Peter*, *To Live Again*, and *Beyond Ourselves*. In 1959 she was married again, to Len LeSourd, a writer.

MARTIN-WILLIAMS, Rebecca Tomlinson (-) was the first white woman to live in the area which is now Moundsville. A tablet marking the site of the cabin in which she lived was erected in front of the high school building in 1935 by the Tuesday Arts Club of that city. The cabin was built in 1771.

MATTHEWS, Mary Jo (-), a native of Mannington, became a successful motion picture actress for several years, before abandoning her budding career to marry Arthur Rush, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and to lead a quiet life as wife and mother.

She graduated from West Virginia University in 1930, went to New York and there performed on the stage for a year before she made her Hollywood debut. She appeared with John Barrymore in *Twentieth Century*, with Robert Taylor in *Society Doctor* and with Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard in *Forsaking All Others*.

MCNEILL, Louise is West Virginia's most honored contemporary poet. The excellance of her poetry is



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Miss McNeill, in private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, was born and reared on a mountain farm near Marlinton in Pocahontas County. The McNeill family has lived on that farm since pre-Revolutionary days. As a young girl she attended the two-room school house where her father taught.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G.H. McNeill. Her father, who taught school for many years, got his A.B. degree at the age of 40, went on for his A.M., and ultimately received his Ph.D. degree at the age of 65.

Miss McNeill received her Bachelor's degree in English from Concord College and her Master's degree in English from Miami University of Ohio. She later received a doctorate in history from West Virginia University

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Her most famous work is *Gauley Mountain*, which was her first collection of poems, published in 1939 with a foreword written by Stephen Vincent Benet. *Gauley Mountain*, a series of historical poems tracing the lives of various West Virginia families, is heavily slanted toward pioneer life, as are many of her other poems. This volume has been reprinted in a limited edition and is one of 25 books relating to West Virginia history being supplied to high school libraries throughout the state in an effort to build up a greater knowledge of West Virginia.

Time Is Our House, her second volume of poetry, was published in 1942. It contains philosophical poems and a section of lyrics on World War II. This volume was



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Her most recent book of poems, *Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore*, was published by the West Virginia University Library with private funds made available through the West Virginia University Foundation, Inc. In this book she looks at the heritage of the Mountain State residents as she traces their consciousness from pioneer days to atomic frontiers and looks to the future with uncertainty.

Miss McNeill writes in traditional verse form. She believes, however, that the beauty of poetry lies in content and feeling rather than in form. She believes poetry should be useful — useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society. She is a person with strong convictions about herself, her heritage, her homeland and its future. Miss McNeill's ability to translate these convictions into compelling poetic rhythms is what makes her poetry so beautiful.

Miss McNeill has also written several short stories about rural life, many of which were published by the *Farm Journal*.

Her name is well known to the editors and publishers of such respected national literary magazines as *Saturday Review* and *Atlantic Monthly*, which have published her poems. During the 1950's, she was a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harpers*, and other magazines. Some of her first poems appeared in *The Daily Athenaeum*, student newspaper, when she was a student at West Virginia University in the 1920's.

Miss McNeill is now retired and living in Morgantown. She taught at Concord College,

Potomac State College, West Virginia University, in Pocahontas County elementary schools and at Aiken, South Carolina, Preparatory School, and Fairmont State College.

Miss McNeill met her husband at the Breadloaf Writers' Conference near Middlebury, Vermont. She had won a scholarship to the conference on the basis of a poem that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her husband, formerly of Ashfield, Mass., is a former instructor at West Virginia University. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

In recent years, Miss McNeill has been an instructor at the Summer Writers Conference at Marietta, Ohio. She has always taken a keen interest in helping others to learn to write well. — Vaughn Lenhart.

MILLER, Mrs. Alex McVeigh. To be continued in our next" was the promise which kept Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller at the writing of serial stories for nearly thirty years. An exacting promise, but keeping it brought fame and a fortune to this indefatigable woman. A daughter of our Mother State, she came as a bride to West Virginia, where she lived nearly forty of the busiest years of her life.

"I wrote romances," Mrs. Miller says, "that followed a straight course from my brain to the tip of my fountain pen." There is a glamour in make-believe stories that appeals to young and old, yet true life stories of those who have triumphed over obstacles inspire readers as no fiction can do. Mrs. Miller's autobiography, recently completed in collaboration with her daughter, is absorbingly interesting. She tells of the happy childhood in Old Virginia before

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Honored b-13-19

Louise McNeill Pease, of Lewisburg, was honored by West Virginia Writers, Inc., by being named this year's recipient of the organization's JUG Award. The award was presented at the WVW Annual Conference, held this past weekend at Cedar Lakes. Accepting the award on behalf of Mrs. Pease, who was unable to attend, was her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Dorsey, of Morgantown. The award was made at the banquet on Saturday night.

The JUG award was created by West Virginia Writers, Inc., to recognize excellence in the field of writing by a West Virginian. Mrs. Pease is the third person to receive the JUG award and the first poet honored. Alberta Pierson Hannum received the first JUG in 1983 and Jim Comstock, country editor of Richwood, the second in 1984.

In private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, Louise was born and reared on a mountain farm in Pocahontas near Marlinton, attending a two-room school her father taught.

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Her poetry has appeared in such respected national literary magazines as Saturday Review and Atlantic Monthly. During the 1950's, she was a frequent contributor to the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Harpers and other magazines.

Her husband is a former instructor at West Virginia University. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

Always interested in helping others to write better, she has been an instructor, in recent years, at the Summer Writers Conference at Marietta, Ohio.

As Stephen Vincent Benet said in the Foreword to "Gauley Mountain": "There is a new voice in the land."

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From pebbled banks they climbed with
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From pebbled banks they climbed with
shoulders low

And brought these river stones to lay
upon

Their chieftain, fallen in the stealth of
dawn

By flinted arrow from a Shawnee bow.

Spring moons have come and hunting
moons have gone,

Sheep nipped the grass and rabbits
scratched the snow.

Across this grave,—the pale-face
tracked the doe.

And bench-legged curs pursued the
mottled fawn.

But still in dusky summer when the
loon

Cries from the shallows of approaching
night,

Between the stones they heaped above
his mound,

Beneath the eerie pallor of the moon,
Bloom ghostly flowers—pipes of waxen

white.

Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, is a young poet who is beginning to get recognition and have her verses published in various magazines. I have before me the 1931 autumn number of "Star-Dust", a journal of poetry, published at Washington, D. C. In it is the announcement that the monthly book prize offered by a distinguished western poet for best poems sent into the Stardust Club each month was awarded to Miss McNeill for the month of April. Under the caption "Fragment:"

I have grown strong with the strength of my desolate mountains,
Amored from bitterness, pulseless to touch or to sound.

There is reality only in the wind, the jagged iciness of frozen ground

In "The Poets Forum" for September, published at Howe, Oklahoma, Miss McNeill has three poems. Here is one of them, "Request":

Tell him, all who love me,
After I have gone

The "Kaleidoscope," a national magazine of poetry for August, published at Dallas, Texas, says Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, at the age of twenty years, makes her debut as a poet. Her poem, "Unless You Knew:"

"You, lying there so calm and
strangely still,
No protest on your lips, no
word of grief,
Strike a swift still wonder to the
soul of mine
Who never knew belief.

It is incredible that you should
close
Your eyes to all quick beauty,
Stay your breath,
You who loved all life, laughter and
tears,
As tho' you welcome death!

It is incredible that you should take,
Peace for sharp ecstasy, silence for







Governor Arch A. Moore, Jr., is shown with West Virginia's Poet Laureate, Louise McNeill Pease, at the Cultural Center in Charleston on August 16 at a ceremony at which Mrs. Pease donated her books and manuscripts to the State Department of Culture and History. Gov. Moore accepted the gift on behalf of the State.

Good Living, a retirement community in Malden, where she had made her home for several years.

The daughter of the late G. D. and Grace (McNeill) McNeill, she was born at Buckeye January 9, 1911.

In 1939 she married Roger W. Pease, who died September 24, 1990.

Her husband, her parents, a sister, Elizabeth Dorsey, and a brother, Ward McNeill, preceded her in death.

Surviving her are a son, Douglas McNeill Pease, of South Windsor, Connecticut; a granddaughter, Noralyn M. Pease; and a brother, James W. McNeill, of Buckeye.

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Services were held Sunday on the lawn of Cabin Creek Quilts in Malden and then on Monday at 11 a. m. in VanReenen Funeral Home by the Rev. Roy Gwinn. Burial was on the McNeill Farm at Buckeye.

Mrs. Pease was Poet Laureate of West Virginia, named in 1977 by then-Governor Jay Rockefeller. She started writing poetry when she was 16 and had poems published in many national magazines. She was the author of several books, *Mountain White* (1931), *Gauley Mountain*, *Time is Our House*, *Paradox Hill*, *Elderberry Flood*, *The Milkweed Ladies* (her memoirs), *Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems* (1991) and many

Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems (1991), and many magazine articles.

Just before her death she completed her last book. Her son came to see her, typed the last chapter, put it in the mail to the publishers, and then she seemed to let go of life, according to the family.

She graduated from Concord College and earned a master's degree at Miami University in Ohio, and a doctorate from West Virginia University.

She taught English and history for more than 30 years, from rural schools in Pocahontas County to Potomac State, Concord, Fairmont State, and Davis and Elkins colleges. In 1937 she was named Teacher of the Year at Concord College and was selected Daughter of the Year by the West Virginia

McNeill's poems featured on public radio

West Virginia Public Radio will air a special program titled "Gauley Mountain" Thursday, June 20, at 8 p.m. This West Virginia Day broadcast will feature the poems from West Virginia Poet Laureate Louise McNeill's book of the same name. Noted West Virginia musician David Morris of Ivydale and award-winning West Virginia poet Irene McKinney of Belington will read the poems, providing narration and character voices.

Gauley Mountain, published in 1939 by Harcourt Brace, is a history (1760-1930) of one of the most scenic and rugged parts of West Virginia told through poems about people, places and events.

Special historic characters, such as Mad Anne Bailey and Claude Crozet, are included, but most poems are fictional, following the lives of settlers sometimes through several generations.

Larry Groce, producer of this special, said, "West Virginia Public Radio's production of "Gauley Mountain" will attempt to do for Louise McNeill's book what she did for the history of her beloved Gauley country."

West Virginia Public Radio can be heard on 88.5 FM in Charleston, 91.7 in Beckley, 90.9 in Morgantown, 89.9 in Huntington and Wheeling, 88.9 in Martinsburg and Buckhannon/Weston.

Louise McNeill

In becoming one of Appalachia's most respected poets, Louise McNeill sang with pride about the mountain heritage of the region's residents.

Now she traces their consciousness from pioneer days to atomic frontiers and looks to the future with uncertainty in her new book of poems, "Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore."

Her book was published recently by McClain Printing Company of Parsons for the West Virginia University Library with private funds made available through the WVU Foundation, Inc. Copies may be ordered for \$4.50 each, plus 50 cents for postage and handling, from the Book Store, Mountainlair, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. 26506.

But who is Louise McNeill that anyone should listen to her prophecies or share her pride and fear?

She's a wife and mother, and history teacher at Fairmont State College. But more than that she's a person with strong convictions about herself, her heritage, her homeland and its future. And she's able to translate these convictions into compelling poetic rhythms.

Her name is well-known to the editors and publishers of respected national literary magazines such as Saturday Review and Atlantic Monthly, which have published her poems.

During the 1950s she was a frequent

poetry can deal validly with social criticism. I'm not a protestant, but I'm not ashamed to try something along this line. I see no reason for poets to be so fine fingered."

Academians, and sometimes poets themselves, often attempt to set down rules for poetic subject matter. Miss McNeill objects. She says she never places limits on what poetry should or can deal with.

"I once heared Allen Tate say that no one should write a poem about his mother. So I have deliberately written one about mine," she said.

"Paradox Hill" is divided into three sections—"Appalachia," "Scattered Leaves" and "Lunar Shores." Each deals with aspects of Appalachian life...from the traditional to the futuristic.

The book is full of the kind of poetry that Stephen Vincent Benet, in his foreword to an earlier collection of her poems, "Gauley Mountain," also published by McClain Printing Co., described as simple, direct and forceful. Many of the poems are laced with humor, some are tinged with sorrow, others are filled with outright rage.

Many of the stories spun in Miss McNeill's ballads were told to her by her father, Douglas McNeill, who was a writer, teacher and one-time miller. He

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"It was for a very practical reason," she recalled. "When I wanted to get my doctorate, WVU didn't offer one in English."

Practicality is one of her first considerations, whether applied to finishing her education or writing poetry. Miss McNeill never has enthroned herself in an ivory tower. She feels that a poet can work as practically as a bricklayer or someone who bakes a loaf of bread. This philosophy shows in her work.

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Sometimes she is inspired by conversations she hears in public places. Two of the most poignant poems in "Paradox Hill" are entitled "Overheard on a Bus."

At the age of 18, Miss McNeill began to write seriously, and two years later her first poems were published in a Dallas, Tex., magazine, Kaliedograph. Since then, she has published three volumes of poems and several short stories.

"I often will write a poem in a few hours," she observed. "The poems that turn out right are the ones that are written rapidly. Sometimes if I fail to get it down the first time, I can go back to it later but that doesn't happen very often."

She is a great believer in form. When she decided to write seriously, she studied form, pattern and rhythm. She rarely writes in free verse form.

Miss McNeill works very hard at finding the right words and perfecting the images in her poems. She throws away two of every three poems that she writes.

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Miss McNeill says serious poetry has become confessionalist and that ballads, such as Bob Dylan's protest songs, are replacing poetry in one area. Some of her poems, like Dylan's deal with the public's fears and social issues.

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At the age of 18, Miss McNeill began to write seriously, and two years later her first poems were published in a Dallas, Tex., magazine, Kaliedograph. Since then, she has published three volumes of poems and several short stories.

"I often will write a poem in a few hours," she observed. "The poems that turn out right are the ones that are written rapidly. Sometimes if I fail to get it down the first time, I can go back to it later but that doesn't happen very often."

She is a great believer in form. When she decided to write seriously, she studied form, pattern and rhythm. She rarely writes in free verse form.

Miss McNeill works very hard at finding the right words and perfecting the images in her poems. She throws away two of every three poems that she writes.

Dr. Ruel E. Foster, chairman of the WVU Department of English, thinks one of Miss McNeill's greatest virtues is her complete lack of affectation.

"You'll find none of the big, dramatic rhetoric of Shakespeare or Milton in her poetry," Dr. Foster said. "She's contemporary, yet you'll find none of the tortured rhetoric that many modern poets fall prey to."

"She is part of a great tradition in American poetry," he observed.

III.

MAJOR ANDREW CROUCH.

May 5, 1857, the writer paid a visit to the late Major Andrew Crouch, at the time regarded the oldest person in Tygart's Valley. He lived near the mouth of Elkwater, Randolph County. Among the interesting items he gave us was one in reference to a land title.

Near the old Huttonsville brick church one James Warwick built a pole cabin and cleared a potato patch, in virtue of which he claimed the whole bottom contiguous. John and William White, two brothers, asserted their claim to the same land. It was finally decided to settle the dispute by a fair fight, fist and skull. Mr Warwick, being a small man, proposed to Joseph Crouch—or rather to his father—to exchange lands with him. He did so, and moved on to the tract. The Whites came on soon after to drive him away. After some wrangling it was finally agreed upon to settle the dispute by a fight, provided Andrew Crouch would accept the challenge, Joseph Crouch being somewhat deficient in pluck.

The ground was chosen for the contest, and John

White was sent to inform Andrew Crouch of the arrangement. He accepted the challenge and defeated William White. The title was settled, and the parties were very friendly ever afterwards.

William White would frequently visit the home of Andrew Crouch, Senior, and the Major had a vivid remembrance of the impression White's appearance made upon his youthful mind as he walked the floor, he was so very tall and portly.

John White fell in the battle of Point Pleasant, and William White was killed by Indians in what is now Upshur County.

In the visit to Major Andrew Crouch, May 5, 1857, this aged man related a reminiscence of his boyhood.

When he was about six years of age his father took him to the corn field, and while the father worked the little boy sat on the fence. One of his uncles came up in great haste, bringing the news that Lewis Canaan and three children had just been killed by Indians. The two Crouches hurried their families to the home of James Warwick, not far from where the old brick church stood. In their hurry the Crouch brothers and Warwick seized their guns to go to the help of the families exposed to the Indians farther up the river, they neglected to barricade the fort, and so the little boy and two little girls went out to the branch, and while the boy was washing the blood from his face, caused by his nose bleeding, the little girls became frightened, and without saying anything, ran back into

the fort and left him alone. When his bleeding stopped he went back and found the fort barricaded. The Crouch brothers had been met by some persons from the lower fort, took them along, and so their wives and children were left to themselves at Warwick's to make the best of their perilous situation.

When the boy Andrew Crouch came to the fort he heard his aunt in a loud voice giving orders as if there were quite a number of men in the fort, when in fact the force consisted of three white women and one colored man and wife, and some little children. An Indian climbed the roof of one of the fort buildings after nightfall and set it on fire. The colored man put it out. Then the stable was fired. The black man said they should not burn his horse. He went out and carefully approached the place. Seeing an Indian by the light he shot at him, and let the horses out and returned in safety to the fort. He dared the Indians to come on, and as there seemed to be not more than two or three that showed themselves, it seems they were not disposed to storm the loud but little garrison.

When the barn burned down and all became dark, the colored woman insisted on leaving the fort and giving the alarm lower down. She was allowed to do so, and the next day the men came up and moved all farther down, and then the little boy with eight or ten others went to bury the slain Lewis Canaan and his three children. He says no one wept nor did any seem afraid while the burial was going on.

After the funeral the men, seeing no signs of Indians, believed they had withdrawn, and so they dis-

banded. But late in the evening one Indian killed a man named Frank Riffle, near where the brick church stood, and burned two houses not far away belonging to James Lackey.

Major Crouch remembered seeing Lackey not very long after the battle of Point Pleasant. He could show the rock on which Lackey sat and sung a war song, then very popular among the mountaineers in commemoration of that eventful struggle.

In subsequent years James Warwick moved to Ohio, and rewarded his faithful negro with his freedom for his gallantry in saving the fort and the property. This Mr Warwick was the ancestor of the Ohio Congressman who represented the McKinley district a few years since.

Love--the most ephemeral of emotions
It comes, it surges, strikes its peak--
 begins to fade.
Then suddenly, as storms abate, it dies,
Leaving only emptiness and discontent
Accompanied by some small amount of pain.

Some people strive for self esteem
Some fight for freedom's sake.
But I have battled nameless foes
With everything at stake.

My enemies are agony,
Blind rage beyond control.
So tell me not of earthly fights
When I've fought for a soul.

Lovely upheaval of slumbering life,
Bringer of beauty, new hopes and new dreams,
My spirit exults in thy power to end strife
To transform me like sunlight that glitters
 and gleams
And flashes like diamonds on fast flowing
streams.

Perhaps in the future when youth has grown
 dim
And I've had my full measure of pleasure
 and pain
I'll write a new song to the fall; but this
 hymn
I'll shout to the heavens till two breaths
 remain
And stand laughing alone in the soft April
rain.

Mrs. B. F. Wyman

Mrs. Lockhart McClintic Moore Wyman, 32, died Wednesday, November 7, 1973, at her home in Gahanna, Ohio.

Mrs. Wyman was born in Morgantown August 13, 1941, the daughter of N. J. and Alice McClintic Moore.

She was a graduate of Marlinton High School and Wellesley College with a Master's degree from the University of North Carolina, and further work on her doctorate.

Surviving her are her parents, of Buckeye, her husband, Bostwick F. Wyman, and a cousin, Miss Betty McClintic, of Washington, D. C.

Services were held Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Willis Cornelius in the VanReenen Funeral Home Chapel, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.

مختصر (معجم) مسلمونیج، علیس نیا



Rechtskraften und die Fakten



*Rodger's
son Capital des Comptes.*

His wife, Elizabeth (Phillips) McIntie
McIntie



The many friends of Withrow
McClinic were surprised to learn
that he had taken unto himself a
bride. He was quietly married to
Miss Elizabeth Phillips last Wed-
nesday at the home of the bride in
the upper end of the county. An
immense crowd was at the station
Wednesday afternoon to see the
bride and groom. A reception was
s tendered them at night at the house
of his brother, L. M. McClinic, at
this place.

The many friends of Withrow McClintic were surprised to learn that he had taken unto himself a bride. He was quietly married to Miss Elizabeth Phillips last Wednesday at the home of the bride in the upper end of the county. An immense crowd was at the station Wednesday afternoon to see the bride and groom. A reception was tendered them at night at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintic, at this place.



منطقه ۲۰ سعادت آباد



Witnow
Daughters, yesterday and to-morrow



Witnow

Dad





THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1931

Withrow McClintic Is Called To Rest Here After A Long Illness

Withrow McClintic, Aged 67 Years
Passes Away At Home Near Buck-
eye After Illness Of Several Mon-
ths—Interment In Mtn. View Ce-
metery.

Withrow McClintic was born April 22, 1864, at the ancestral home of his grandfather, at Mill Point, Pocahontas county, the son of William H. and Mary A. (Mathews) McClintic, and died October 30, 1931. He came of a long line of ancestors, both paternal and maternal, prominent and distinguished in the history of state and church in Virginia and West Virginia. His parents moved to the farm at Buckeye in the year 1866 where the deceased grew to manhood and spent his life in the home in which he died.

He was united in marriage April 15, 1908, to Miss Bessie L. Phillips, of Arbovale in this county.

He made a profession of his faith in Christ at an evangelistic meeting held by the Rev. J. E. Flow, D. D., at Buckeye, and united with the Mar-

and distinguished in the history of state and church in Virginia and West Virginia. His parents moved to the farm at Buckeye in the year 1866 where the deceased grew to manhood and spent his life in the home in which he died.

He was united in marriage April 15, 1908, to Miss Bessie L. Phillips, of Arbovale in this county.

He made a profession of his faith in Christ at an evangelistic meeting held by the Rev. J. E. Flow, D. D., at Buckeye, and united with the Marlinton Presbyterian church, November 9, 1922. He was interested in the organization of a Presbyterian church at Buckeye and became one of the charter members of the Swago Presbyterian church which was organized, September 23, 1923, and was the first ruling elder elected by that congregation, and upon the dissolution of this church he returned his membership to the Marlinton church of which he remained a faithful member until his death.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bessie L. McClintic, and one brother the Honorable George W. McClintic, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern district of West Virginia, at Charleston. Three brothers have preceded him in death, Hunter H. McClintic of Buckeye, Edward D. McClintic, of Seattle, Washington, and Lockhart M. McClintic, of Marlinton.

Funeral services were held on last Saturday afternoon with interment in the Mountain View cemetery.